

insane clown posse™



ABELL: 4K
FLORIDA

D. Kubina

CHAOS!
ON THE EDGE

#8 (of 12)
April 2001

Cover B

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WARNING
EXPLICIT
CONTENT



PENDULUM

ICP THE PENDULUM

#8 (of 12)

"Shards of the Looking Glass"

WICKED
SLUM
LORDS

THE
DARK CARNIVAL
APPROACHES

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Check it out: The Insane Clowns, Shaggy and Violent J, along with the faith-healing priest Jesus, left Detroit to find and destroy the evil demon Killnor. Along the way, they've tangled with the shadow-warriors Twisted, the ultra-commando Stress Team and a whole buncha bitches in Wichita. After bringing forth the Carnival of Carnage, the Clownz and Jesus are sneak-attacked by Twisted and sent to the Nether Void. There, another demon named Jaxxin tries to form an alliance with our homies. But ICP wants nothing to do with Jaxxin... and deadly Killnor. But first Shaggs and J have to get Jesus back from the Stress Team, if the priest isn't dead already. Read on, my Juggalos...

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Insane Clown Posse: The Pendulum #8. April 2001. FIRST PRINTING. Published by Chaos! Comics. Brian Pulido, President/Publisher. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 7655 E. Gelding Rd., Suite B-1, Scottsdale, AZ 85260. Chaos! Comics and all associated characters are trademarks owned by Chaos! Comics, Inc. ©2001 Chaos! Comics, Inc. ARR. Insane Clown Posse and Psychopathic Records are trademarks owned by Insane Clown Posse. © 2001 Insane Clown Posse, ARR. Any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the consent of BRIAN PULIDO. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited materials. Printed in Canada.

SHARDS OF THE LOOKING GLASS



OH, HOW I ENJOY THE PLEASURES
OF THIS WORLD! LOOK AT THEM
DOWN THERE, GOING TO AND FROM. LIKE
A HOARD OF BUGS THEY HERD THROUGH
LIFE, BLINDED TO ITS TRUE MEANING.

FEAR ENVELOPES THEM. I AM
THE CAUSE OF THIS FEAR. I
FEEL THEIR WORRIES COURSE
THROUGH ME... SO SOOTHING.

LOOK
AT THAT
STRANDED
ROACH.

SO MANY THOUSANDS PASS HIM BY WHO COULD
LEND HIM A PHONE OR TAKE HIM TO A GAS STATION.
BUT DO THEY? NO, THEY ARE ALL AFRAID. AND
THEY **SHOULD** BE! THE KILLERS, MOLESTERS,
CORRUPTED COPS AND POLITICIANS I HAVE
MOLDED TO TERRORIZE THIS WORLD HAVE CAUSED
THIS FEAR. THESE ARE INSECTS THAT HAVE NO TIME
FOR THEIR OWN. THEY ARE TOO SELF-ABSORBED IN
THEIR OWN WORLDS OF PAIN, GRIEF AND SUFFERING.

ALL IS
TRULY AS I
HAVE PLANNED.
THE END TIME WILL
COME AND ALL
WILL BE
MINE.

BLAM

JESSICA TRENT
RULZ



MMMM... THAT FELT GOOD. I NEED A LITTLE STRESS RELIEF FROM THE PRESSURES THOSE CLOWNS ARE PUTTING ON MY PLANS. THEY HAVE CONVERTED A WHOLE CITY BACK FROM MY SOLUTION... HOW? I AM UNCERTAIN... THEIR POWERS ARE FROM A HIGHER SOURCE. I HAVE NO DOUBT OF THAT.



AHHH... YES. SO PLEASANT. SO EASY FOR ME TO THINK WHEN I'M ENJOYING MYSELF... SO GOOD TO FEEL THE EXHILARATION OF SQUASHING THESE INSIGNIFICANT AND DIRTY BUGS.



ONE DAY SOON THEY SHALL
ALL BE GONE AND ONLY THEIR
TORMENTED SOULS WILL EXIST
IN THE NETHER WORLD.

SHUNGS

SCREE

THERE, THERE, MY ROACH.
YOUR WORRIES ARE NOW
OVER IN THIS WORLD. OF
COURSE, YOUR TRUE TERROR
AND WORRIES ARE JUST
BEGINNING AS YOUR SOUL
DROPS INTO THE NETHER-VOID.

THOOSH

KUNG

BLAMM
BLAMM
BLAMM

SCREECH

FUCK...
YOU WERE
LUCKY ROACH. BUT
HELL AWAITS
YOU!



BWUUSHH

SCREEEE

CHUNNG



**MMHRRR
RRR
RRR**

DOESN'T
ANYONE
WANT TO
PLAY?



**CHOOSE
GOD**







GREETINGS, GENTLEMEN.
WE HAVE NEVER BEEN
PROPERLY INTRODUCED. I'M MR.
GRAY, LEADER OF THE STRESS TEAM.

WHAT'D HE SAY? MR. GAY,
BEATER OF THE BEST
CREAM? LOOK, MISTER,
WE DON'T CARE ABOUT
YOU OR YOUR SEXUAL
PREFERENCES. JUST
GIVE US OUR FRIEND
BACK.

YEAH, YA
THINK YOU'RE ALL
COOL WITH THE BLUE
BLOCKER GLASSES
ON. DON'T MAKE US
TAKE IT TO THE NEXT
LEVEL AND SLAP
THAT SHIT OFF
YOUR HEAD.

I WOULDN'T
STEP ANY CLOSER
IF I WERE YOU, UNLESS
YOU WANT ME, YOU
AND JESUS
TO DIE.

THIS
DETONATOR IS
ALSO RIGGED TO
EXPLOSIVES STRAPPED
TO YOUR FRIEND IN THE
TRUCK; AND WE HAVE OTHER
MEASURES WE COULD
TAKE IF THINGS GET
OUT OF HAND.

SO WHAT? NOW YOU THINK
YOUR THE BOMB OR
SOMETHIN'?

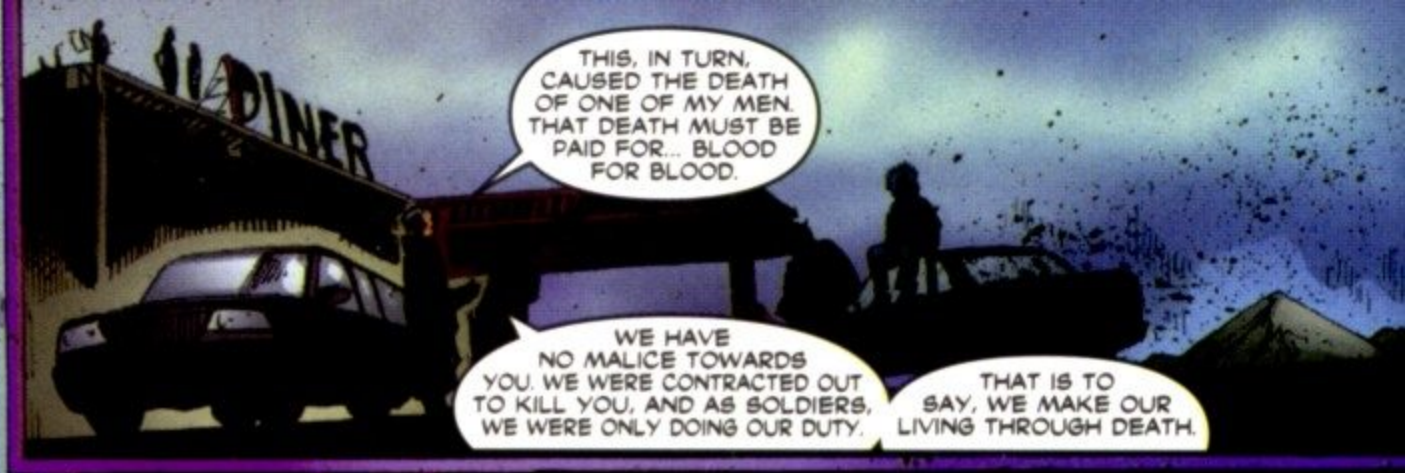
THAT MUST
REALLY SUCK
WALKING AROUND
WITH THOSE BOMBS
STRAPPED TO YOU.
I MEAN, WHAT IF YOU
SHOULD TRIP OR
SOMETHING?

OR, WE
JUST DECIDE TO...

GENTLEMEN,
I SUGGEST WE
TALK.

ATTACK!!
SHAGGS,
GET'M!





THIS, IN TURN,
CAUSED THE DEATH
OF ONE OF MY MEN.
THAT DEATH MUST BE
PAID FOR... BLOOD
FOR BLOOD.

WE HAVE
NO MALICE TOWARDS
YOU. WE WERE CONTRACTED OUT
TO KILL YOU, AND AS SOLDIERS,
WE WERE ONLY DOING OUR DUTY.

THAT IS TO
SAY, WE MAKE OUR
LIVING THROUGH DEATH.



YOU GUYS GET PAID TO
RUN AROUND KILLING
PEOPLE? ...COOL.

IN EFFECT, OUR MAN WAS LOST BECAUSE
OUR EMPLOYER CHOOSE NOT TO
DISCLOSE INFORMATION. WE NOW
CONSIDER HIM TO BE THE CAUSE
OF OUR MAN'S DEATH.

NOW, WHAT ULTIMATELY
HAPPENS BETWEEN US WILL BE
DECIDED IN THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS
FOR YOU SEE, WE NEED SOMETHING FROM
YOU TO COMPLETE OUR OBJECTIVE, AN
WE WILL NOT BACK DOWN UNTIL WE GET IT



SO, THE CHOICE IS YOURS FOR ALL
OF US... EITHER LIFE OR DEATH.

YOUR
EMPLOYER IS
KILLNOR?

YES, AND
NO DOUBT YOU ARE HEADING TO
PHOENIX TO KILL THE VERY SAME MAN. WE
WILL NOT ASSIST YOU, NOR INTERFERE. BUT
I WOULD LIKE TO WISH YOU GOOD HUNTING.

THEN
WHAT DO YOU
NEED FROM US?



INFORMATION. WHO IS KILLNOR? DOES
HE POSSESS POWERS? WHO ARE
YOU AND WHY DO YOU HAVE YOUR...
SPECIAL ABILITIES? THAT'S AS
SIMPLE AS I CAN PUT IT.

ANSWER
THESE QUESTIONS
AND WE ALL LIVE,
AND YOU CAN
HAVE YOUR MAN
BACK.



YOU
MIGHT WANT
TO TAKE A SEAT,
CHIEF, FOR THIS
ONE.



WE ARE POSSESSED WITH THE SPIRIT OF WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE DARK CARNIVAL. IT IS AN ENTITY THAT EXISTS ON THE FRINGE OF REALITY IN THE DARKEST SHADOWS THAT CREEP ACROSS THE LAND WHEN THE SUN SETS AND DARKNESS TAKES HOLD. IT IS THE VERY REASON WHY MEN FEAR THE NIGHT. IT IS THE ULTIMATE DEMISE THAT WILL BEFALL MANKIND WHEN THE ENDTIME COMES AND ITS WAGONS BEGIN TO TREAD ACROSS THE LAND.

THOSE FEW WHO ARE PURE OF WILL THEN JOIN THE DARK CARNIVAL, BEING SPARED A GRUESOME END. IT WILL TAKE THEM TO THEIR OWN SHANGRI-LA: A PLACE OF FAT TITTIES, FAYGO BATHS AND GIANT BLUNTS, A PERFECT PARADISE. THOSE WHOSE SOULS ARE CORRUPTED WITH EVIL WILL BE UTTERLY DESTROYED AND THE VERY PITS OF THE UNDERWORLD WILL COLLAPSE AND FALL INTO NOTHINGNESS.

EARTH AND THE UNDERWORLD WILL THEN CEASE TO EXIST. THE UNDERWORLD, NOT WISHING TO FALL, WILL SPILL OVER ONTO EARTH AND WAGE WAR WITH THE DARK CARNIVAL IN AN ATTEMPT TO OVERTHROW ITS PURPOSE SO THAT DEVILS CAN THEN RULE IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.



OUR PURPOSE HERE ON EARTH IS TO CUT OFF THE BAD SEEDS OF EVIL BEFORE THEY CAN SPREAD THEIR DISEASE TO OTHERS. WHEN PEOPLE ARE SO FAR FROM PURITY THAT THERE IS NO HOPE TO SAVE THEIR SOULS, WE DESTROY THEM. THE TRULY EVIL CAN CAUSE A GREAT DEAL OF DAMAGE ON EARTH BY CORRUPTING OTHERS AROUND THEM AND INFLUENCING THEM TO LIVE A LIFE OF DAMNATION. WE ARE NOT SAINTS, ANGELS OR PREACHERS, BUT WE ARE EXECUTIONERS OF EVIL. WE END LIFE TO PRESERVE THE LIFE WORTH SAVING.



IT IS HIS WILL. OUR POWERS ARE GRANTED BY ALLOWING US TO CONTACT THE GREAT PROPHETS OF THE DARK CARNIVAL WHO HELP US IN OUR CRUSADE. THEY ARE NOT ALWAYS FRIENDLY, BUT MOST OF THE TIME THEY CHOOSE TO COME TO OUR AID BECAUSE OUR ULTIMATE MISSION IS THE SAME. THE PROPHETS INFLUENCE THE WORLD THROUGH DREAMS, MUSIC AND EMOTIONS AND RARELY APPEAR IN PHYSICAL FORM EXCEPT WHEN WE SUMMON THEM. THOSE ON EARTH THAT HAVE BEEN DEEPLY TOUCHED BY THE DARK CARNIVAL'S MESSAGE CAN ALSO BE CALLED INTO ACTION. THEY ARE KNOWN TO US AS JUGGALOS.



THE DARK CARNIVAL WILL ONLY COME WHEN THERE IS NO HOPE LEFT FOR MAN; WHEN TOO MANY SOULS ARE HEADING TO THE UNDERWORLD AND TO FEW ARE ASCENDING INTO SHANGRI-LA. THE WORLD IS NEAR THIS STATE. IT IS OUR JOB, AS A LAST AND BRUTAL EFFORT, TO TURN THIS AROUND.



KILLNOR IS NO DOUBT A DEVIL OF THE UNDERWORLD. WE HAVE MESSSED UP HIS PLANS TO SPREAD EVIL UPON THE WORLD AND SO HE HAS SENT DEMONS AND MEN LIKE YOU TO TRY AND KILL US. HE IS PREPARING FOR THE ENDTIME BY CORRUPTING SOULS AND TURNING EARTH INTO A CESSPOOL OF GREED AND EVIL.



THAT WAY, THE NETHER-VOID WILL BE FILLED WITH A MASSIVE ARMY OF DEMONS TO OVERTHROW OUR JUGGALO ARMY, SHANGRI-LA AND EARTH. THROUGH HIS INFLUENCE HE IS SPEEDING UP THE COMING OF THE DARK CARNIVAL AT AN ALARMING RATE.

HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH. I HAVE SEEN THESE THINGS IN MY DREAMS. I THOUGHT I WAS GOING INSANE...









YOU
FUCKIN'
BITCH! OPEN
THE FUCKIN'
DO...

CLUNK

THUNK

RRRRMMMMMM

CRACKIN'

THEY ARE
HERE...







WHAT THE
FUCK YOU
WANT...?



GET THE
FUCK OUTTA
HERE...!



SHHH! I
NEED YOUR
GANG, ROACH.
AND YOUR
LIFE.

HURKI!



CRACKLE
SPORT



CLUMP

TEE-
HEE!

PAPI,
WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?



OH PAPI,
YOU WANNA
DO IT
AGAIN?



GUESS
YOU DO...



PAPI,
SOMETHING
IS WET ON
THE BED...



PAPI...
STOP FOR
A MINUTE
ALREADY...
IT'S WET
PAPI...



PAPI...?





TEN MINUTES LATER...



NOBODY
MESSES WITH
OUR HOOD, STUPID
MOTHERFUCKERS...
LET'S SEE HOW THEY
LIKE THE TASTE
OF THIS.

TO BE CONTINUED IN
ICP: THE PENDULUM #9
"A GLIMPSE OF
CRYSTAL DEATH"